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Saturday, *April* 24, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. VII.

An unexpected meeting.—A barber's shop.—An explanation.—A stranger.—A child—Where pity lies buried.—A chance of going to heaven.—The effect of grief.—The author's sentiment with respect to children.—Mathematical beauty.—John Clark's censure on some books not applicable to the present.

"CAN I believe my eyes?" exclaimed Barclay. "Surely it cannot be!" What think you that he saw? Well, "Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question* next, say," GREGORY.

Having left the chaise at the inn on entering the village, about six in the evening, he was proceeding with Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the Prophets towards the parsonage, his heart beating with joyful expectation that almost put wings to his feet, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearace of Gregory, who was sitting, smoaking his pipe, at the door of a barber's shop. Barclay was on the opposite side of the way, and had scarcely uttered the above exclamation, before Gregory espied him, and throwing down his pipe, ran over to meet him. Gregory was so overjoyed to see his old master, that he could not say a word, and Barclay was dumb with surprise, and from not knowing whether he ought to be angry or pleased. However, prompted by a secret feeling, he could not help putting forth his hand, which entirely overpowered Gregory, who seized and blubbered over it like a child.

Barclay was not insensible to the strong expressions of affection that burst from Gregory, and rendered him, perfectly speechless. But being unable to satisfy himself about his appearance, and wishing to have that matter cleared up, he made a motion to quit the public way, and entered the barber's shop. The moment he was in, Gregory, who followed close behind, ran to an old fashioned, but comfortable, arm chair that was in the corner of the room, and dusting it with great care, lifted it forward for Barclay to sit on. Barclay could not comprehend all he beheld; but seeing, with pleasure, that they were alone, he at length began, while Gregory stood respectfully by him;

"How came you here, Gregory?" said he.

"I beg pardon, sir," he replied, "and I trust you will forgive me for all I have done, when you hear me out."

"Well, let me hear.—Tell me what business you have in this shop."

"Business!" cried Gregory, looking round the place with an air of authority; "what business has a man any where else, but where his shop is?"

"*Your* shop!" exclaimed Barclay.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "and I hope you'll excuse me for taking it; but I did so that I might be no burthen to you. I never shall, sir, indeed—if you will be so kind as to let me stay, and see you sometimes, and know that you are well, and in want of nothing."

Barclay felt his kindness——In a few moments he said, "But, where is Von Hein? Did you come with his consent? And where is the old man who lived in this shop when I went away?—Tell me the truth."

"As I live, I will!" replied Gregory. "When I deceive you, Master Temple, cast me from you for ever. It will kill me, but I shall deserve it. I had long been plaguing Mr. Von Hein to let me come to you. He always told me it was impossible. At last, however, I got leave, by teasing him, to come down to see you, and if I could not manage to stay, with your permission, I promised to go back, and so I will, if you insist upon it. But I hope you won't—will you, sir?"

Barclay made no reply; but Gregory, encouraged by his look, proceeded thus:

"I came down on the outside of the coach, and arrived here the very day you set out. The first thing I did was to inquire for you, and knowing from experience, that a barber's is the best place for information, I called here, and, as an introduction, let Williams, the old man, who lived here then, shave me. Did he ever shave you, sir?"

"Yes," said Barcaly.

"Without vanity——

"Yes, yes," interrupted Barclay, "you shave better than he does. But go on with your account."

Gregory bowed, and, pleased to have his merit acknowledged, went on:

"After he had shaved me," said he, "as he called it, though he had left a fine crop of stubbles, I entered into talk with him, and soon learnt that you were absent. I then told him that I had once been in his trade. The consequence of which was, that we were soon seated, with our pipe's in our mouths, and a pot of ale before us. Now we began to be great friends, and hinting at his age, and that I thought it time for him to leave off business, he told me he should have no objection if any one would buy all his in trade. I was deligh-

* Grave-digger in Hamlet.

ed at hearing this, and we quickly came to terms. After going so far, I inquired for the parsonage; and waited on the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, told him that I had been your father's servant and that I had a letter for you from your friend. Blessings on him! The moment I mentioned your name, and said that I was Gregory, he treated me more like a brother, than a servant and a stranger. He introduced me to all the family. The old lady looked a little queer at me; however, she said something about Grecian hospitality, which I did not understand, and she desired that I might be taken care of. But the young lady, the sweetest, beautifullest angel I ever saw, or expect to see—she was even more kind to me than Mr. Pawlet. We were left alone for five minutes, and how we did talk of you—the time was gone in a moment! She pressed me to take her purse, lest I should want any thing before you returned. I refused it, because I had money; but I was sorry I did so, for it seemed to make her unhappy. Oh, she is the dearest, loveliest creature on the face of the earth!"

"Why you appear to be in love with her, Gregory!" said Barclay.

"In love with her!" cried he, "I love the ground she walks upon. Don't you love her, sir?"

Barclay smiled, and said, "Go—go on with your story."

"Well, sir," continued he, Mr. Pawlet wanted me to sleep and live in his house; but I told him the scheme I was upon, and he no sooner heard that, than he set off with me to old Williams--settled every thing for me—and gave me his custom. I shave him, and carry home his wig every morning. I mounted a new pole at the door—he recommended me to all the parishioners, and I was appointed barber general. Since then I have, by his desire, spent every evening at the parsonage in the kitchen, where I have experienced nothing but kindness. My happiness is now complete; but, if you do not choose that it should continue, you have only to say the word, and, let what will happen, I'll not disobey you."

Barclay remained silent for some time, ticking the circumstances in every point of view. He knew Gregory's honesty, and felt a joy at having some one to whom he could confide the secrets of his heart. Seeing, therefore, as matters stood, no kind of objection to letting him stay, he at last made Gregory happy, by telling him that he might, if he pleased, remain where he was.

"But," added he, "I shall expect good conduct from you. If you give loose to your passions, you will disgrace both me and yourself."

"Indeed, sir, I won't," cried Gregory "I won't, indeed! But you must know that I have made a little bit of a connexion already, since I have been here."

"Ay!" said Barclay.

"Yes, sir," continued he, "Miss Penelope's maid, Nance. She and I are very good friends, and I hope you won't be against our courting a little. I promise faithfully that things shall go no further."

"I take your word," replied Barclay, in a serious tone; "if you break it, we separate for ever. At the parsonage we both have received the greatest favours, and it would be the darkest ingratitude to dishonour any one within its walls—I should not forgive myself for doing it, and I will not forgive you! Stay here," added he, mildly, and I will often come and visit you. At first I did not know what to make of your appearance; but, now that every thing is explained I must confess, Gregory, that I am glad to see you."

Here he took him by the hand, and, after joking a little about the shop, left Gregory in a state of happiness bordering on frenzy.

It was nearly eight o'clock before Barclay reached the parsonage. The instant Mrs. Pawlet beheld him at the gate, she rushed out, and, before he could say a word to any one, led him away to the library, where they were closeted for an hour. At length having satisfied Mrs. Pawlet, he he was permitted to descend to the parlour, where he was received with a hearty shake of the hand by the parson, and by Penelope with looks that very plainly discovered how pleased she was at his return.

"Mrs. Buckle," said the parson to Barclay, moving his hand toward a lady who was sitting with them—"Cousin, give me leave to introduce you to Mr. Temple!"

This ceremony being over, they soon began to talk of Gregory.

"Poor fellow," said the parson, "we have done what we could for him."

"He's a worthy creature," cried Pennelope.

"I am much indebted to you both," replied Barclay, "for your attention to him. He will never forget it, nor shall I."

"Oh, say nothing about it!" exclaimed the parson; but let us hear what detained you, and what adventures you met with in your journey."

Barclay now recounted all that had happened, to the surprise and entertainment of the company. Mrs. Buckle put some questions, and seemed to enjoy the story; but there was in her mirth, still evident marks of depression of spirits, contending with an inclination to sociability and good humour. In figure Mrs. Buckle was dimunitive, but elegant, and of the most amiable and engaging manners. The melancholy that continually sat upon her brow, and mingled itself with all her actions, made her in the highest degree interesting to every feeling mind. Barclay felt himself much affected by her appearance, and wished, anxiously, to know what was the cause of a gloom which seemed so little congenial with her nature. This wish was gratified, but not till the following day.

After dinner, a fine little boy, in petticoats, was ushered into the room, whom Barclay presently perceived to be Mrs. Buckle's son. He ran to his mother, who caught him up in her arms with all a parent's fondness, and, as she almost devoured him with kisses, the remembrance of some past event came across her mind, and the tears trinkled down her cheeks upon the infant. "*Pyte is dede*," says Chaucer, *and buried in gentyle hertes*."—Such were the parson's and Penelope's, and they never saw this without sympathy. No one, indeed, could behold it without a painful feeling;—that is, no one but Mrs. Pawlet who, like many other abstruse students, looked upon all the frailties of our nature, and the emotions of the heart with contempt. She had learned not to feel! If the reader envies her, he may—no matter—I would not give the fiftieth part of a quarter of a devil for such a fellow. But, perhaps, he may still go to heaven. For "*Not to speak prophanely*," I should think even the devil himself would have nothing to do with him.

"Don't give way to grief," said Mrs. Pawlet, "you don't know the consequences. You will never recover your beauty by that means, for it is well know that grief 'produces paleness of the skin, and œdematous complaints, and schirrus of the glandular parts."

"My dear," cried the parson, "don't talk so to her—pray, don't!"

The little boy now went round the table, prattling to every one, as little boys will when they are introduced by their parents; a custom which many people decry, and, among others, married folks themselves, who never fail to have their own in, whenever they have company at home. For my part, I have no objections to children, so that they keep their noses clean, their mouths shut, and belong to other people.

"A fine boy, indeed," said Barclay, playing with him as he sat on Penelope's knee.

"Yes, Mr. Temple," replied Mrs. Pawlet, "the child is handsome, I own; but how could he be otherwise? The father and mother were so, and therefore he is so mathematically."

"Mathematically?" repeated Barclay.

"Yes," said she, "as thus—If one cubic number multipled by another cubic number produces a third cubic number, why should not the multiplication of two beautiful animals produce a third beautiful animal?"

Barclay could say nothing to this; he therefore bowed, and Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope rising, withdrew taking the boy with them. They were no sooner gone, and the parson and Barclay had drunk *The Ladies* in a bumper, than the former, unasked, began to relate the cause of Mrs. Buckle's melancholy, of which an admirable report is preserved in the succeeding pages. I never keep my reader in the dark, but am always enlightening him; therefore my book does not come under John Clarke's censure on some works, which he says are "fit only for the fire to warm, since they can't enlighten us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[*The following remarks on the useless matter contained in Almanacks, lately appeared in the* LADIES MONITOR, *printed at New-York. Their pertinency is obvious.* Judicial Astrology *in particular, is nothing but an imposition on the ignorant, while it is the ridicule of the intelligent. Originating in the dark ages of superstition, it has been handed down to us in the same manner that many foolish habits and customs are.... perpetuated by we know not what folly or weakness of the human mind. Every printer, as well as his intelligent reader, smiles at the supposed influence of the stars on morals or the human intellect, and knows that his readers are as capable of judging what kind of weather will be next year as himself, that is, they know nothing about it. The subject is worthy of attention....Unanimity and good understanding among the printers of Almanacks would, in one year, totally eradicate those abuses, with perhaps little or no injury to the trade, while it would be rendering a material service to the public.*]

ON ALMANACKS.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are few subjects in which a man may find more room for speculation than a almanack. I lately experienced the truth of this remark in a very forcible manner. Last month, walking in the wilds of New-Jersey, I was overtaken by a storm and obliged to seek shelter in the hovel of a fisherman. Looking about for something to employ my thoughts and beguile the hour, I espied, hanging by a peice of packthread from a nail, an almanack. I took it down, opened it, and turned over the pages in search of some information or amusement. The receipts for curing several diseases in men and horses, the moral precepts, and the quotations from Joe Miller, scattered through it, were all read with much gravity and deliberation. At length I closed the book, and turned to the good woman who sat near me, and who was busy in darning a worsted stocking, Pray, said I, what use do you make of this thing?

Why, said she, with a good deal of hesitation, why—I don't know—it's an almanack.

True, said I, and what use do you find for an almanack.

Why, she answered with an air of increasing perplexity, we look at it now and then to—to—totell the day of the month.

And what need have you to discover the day of the month?

Why—I don't know, I am sure—One likes to know what day of the month it is sometimes. One must pay one's rent quarter-day, and one doesn't know when it comes round without an *Olminick*.

Tht, said I, happens four times a year; so tht once in three months you have occasin to look into this book: but there is mch besides the days of the week and montl I see, continued I, taking up the book gain and showing her the page, I see tre are eight columns. One of these show he days of the week; but here the letter occurs on every Sunday; what does at mean?

Lo love your soul, cried she, how shou'l know?

T next space is filled with various particuls. Frist, there are the names of sain I suppose Nicholas, and Stephen, andMathias, and Sylvester, and Benedict, andwithen, are saints: What use do you ma of them?

hy none, to be sure. What are these folto me?

ere are likewise sundry hard words: su as Quinquagesima, Epiphany, Ascensi What do they mean?

a! suz, don't ask me.

nd what are these uncouth characters, sres and circles, and crosses; and the yds, elongation, southing, apogee, Sirius Arcturus, and Bull's eye, and Crab's ? What did the almanack-maker mean giving us all that?

can't tell, not I. I looks for nothing the day of the month and the times that sun rises.

Here I thought proper to put an end to dialogue. I could not help reflecting the abundance of useless and unintelligible learning which an almanack contains. here are scarcely a family, however ignorant and indigent, without one copy hanging constantly in sight, and yet there is no production which fewer understand. The sense it contains is not only abstruse and remote from vulgar apprehension, but it is exhibited in the most scientific and concise form. Figures, initials, symbolical characters, and half words every where abound.

A stranger who should meet, in every hovel, with a book, in which the relative positions of the planets, the diurnal progress of the sun in the zodiac, the lunar, and solar eclipses, the wanderings of Sirius, Arcturus, and the Pleiades; of Oculus, Tauri, and *Spicia-Virginis* were described in a way the most technical imaginable, would be apt to regard us as a very astronomical and learned nation. That the volume should be bought annuily by every family, should be considered as an indispensible piece of houshold furniture, and be so placed as to be always at hand, are facts that would make his inference extremely plausible. He would be not a little surprized to discover, that the book is bought for that which the memory and skill of children would suffice to find out, of that which costs the compiler nothing more than the survey of a former almanack and a few strokes of his pen; and that these celebrated computations, these mystic symbols, this adjustment of certain days to certain holy names, are neither attended to, nor understood by one in ten thousand.

The eye roves over them, but the question, what do they mean? never enters the mind. Being accustomed to retain figures and arrangements, we are dissatisfied if they do not appear as usual. My father hung his almanack on this nail, and I must do as my father did. A book of this kind being compiled and published anew every year, we take for granted that every new year, demands a new almanack.

Habit will account for the continuance of a certain practice, but not for its origin. One would be naturally lead to think, that when almanacks were first invented, mankind were more conversant with the stars than at present, that every cottager was interested in the planetary revolutions, in the places of the moon, in the solar progress, and in the birth days of hermits and confessors.

This is partly true; but the source of curiosity respecting the motions of the heavenl bodies, was merely a belief that the incidents of human life were connected with these changes. That tract in the heavens which the sun apparently passes in a year, was called the zodiac, and was divid-

ed into twelve portions, which were called signs, and each of which received a fantastic name. A connection was imagined between the different members of the human body and the signs of the zodiac. Hence it was requisite to state minutely the zodiacal place of the sun, that men might be aware of the accidents to which they were most liable at certain seasons. The frontispiece commonly exhibited a figure, explaining the connection between constellations and limbs; and this frontispiece is still generally retained.

Stellar influence, tho' strong, was rightly supposed to be inferior to that of the planets. The relative position of the fixed stars is apparently unchangeable. Not so that of the planetary bodies: hence curiosity was busy in ascertaining the places of the latter, the prosperous and adverse state of man, being supposed to be swayed by the oppositions and conjunctions of these orbs; and hence compilers of almanacs bestowed particular attention on this circumstance.

There was a time when festivals and religious observances were connected with the anniversaries of the birth of apostles and martyrs. It was therefore necessary to inform the people when these anniversaries occurred. A change of religion has taken away this necessity, at least among ourselves. Swithen, Margaret, Magdalen, Michael, and Denys, are names which the reader overlooks. He never dreams of making a distinction between the days opposite to which these names appear and other days. To us, therefore, or at least to some of us, they are wholly useless and impertinent; but still they are annually printed, and their omission would create, in many persons, disapprobation and surprize.

It can scarcely fail to occur that almanacs might be made the instruments of much general improvement. Custom has introduced them into every family. There is generally a space set apart for miscellaneous information, and in filling this space the compiler is at liberty to exercise his own judgment. The popularity of almanacs will thus afford him an opportunity of imparting wholesome truths to thousands, whose audience he could never hope to obtain in any other way.

In the form of tables, and in place of much of what is now introduced, facts in physical and moral science might be happily substituted. What is now occupied by Crispen and Gregory, by the perigee and apogee of the moon, by the risings and descents of Sirius and Arcturus, and by the vagaries of the planets, might surely be supplied with much more useful matter.

The happiness of mankind depends not so much upon the progress which the sciences, abstractedly considered, have made, but on the diffusion of the knowledge which already exists. A thousand truths are to be found in the books and meditation of the wise, of which mankind have profited nothing, because, in general they remain ignorant of their existence. It seems as if a man, truly enlightened, should employ himself not in advancing the various branches of physical and moral knowledge to perfection by solitary experiments, and closest speculation; but in contriving and executing schemes for making simple, intelligible, and concise, the sciences in their present state of improvement; in making cheaper and more commodious, in cloathing in more popular and attractive forms, and putting into the possession of a greater number the knowledge already ascertained, and which is most conducive to their welfare. I cannot conceive an instrument more useful to this end, and an opportunity more favourable to the dissemination of truth and happiness than an almanack affords.

The advantages of this expedien have not been wholly overlooked. In Germany it has been more extensively employed than elsewhere. History, botany, mineralogy, agriculture, and domestic economy, have all been moulded into this form, and with admirable skill and efficacy. Two improvements have likewise been observable in our own country. One consists in noting the date of principal events of our own history, and the other in assigning a column for exhibiting the degress of heat, as observed on Fahrenheit's thermometer, on each day of the preceding year. The last improvement I have seen only in the almanacks published by Mr. Poulson, in Philadelphia.

This letter is already too long, or I would state some obvious improvements, of which I think this kind of publication is susceptible. Perhaps you will hear from me hereafter. R.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THERE is a writer in your paper on the subject of music, I mean Pythagoricus, who I think has made some assertions which it will be hard for him to prove. He makes a great flourish about the copiousness, extensiveness, inexhaustibleness, and what not, of music; and seems to insinuate that none can teach it but those who have learned it scientifically or methodically Now, Mr. Hogan, a writer stands in his own light, by advancing such positions—he should be more on his guard than to do it, before he had consulted experience to see whether that would warrant it; for experience is the touchstone of truth. Let us then come to experience—let this flourisher look abroad through this city, and examine the number of singing-schools taught in it; and out of all of them he will find it difficult to pick three, perhaps even two, whose masters have scientifically studied music according to his plan. And yet, as Mr. Jefferson says of Religious Societies, they are all good enough,—they all sing well enough,—they all teach well enough,—the citizens are or appear to be well enough satisfied,—and what is more than all this, the ministers of the several congregations appear to be not dissatisfied with the music in their respective churches. Indeed, if this was not the case, one would expect to see them come forward to improve their music; and likewise see the citizens attempting some reform, either according to Mr. Pythagoricus, or some other such innovator. Mr. Hogan, it is sometimes a very hazardous, often a very foolish thing, to attempt to oppose the popular current—that current bears down all before it: And besides, is it not just to conclude that the good old way is best, as well in music as politics? Surely Mr. Pythagoricus don't wish to make us all philosophers—Pretty indeed would it be that I must study and study and study, and after all not to be able to sing as musically as one of Nature's artless feathered tribe!—Away, then, Mr. Pythagoricus, with your sciences, your systems and your rules—we can do without any—and take my word for it, you may write and preach yourself to death in vain; for *you'll never be able to alter us one jot or tittle either in* LEARNING, TEACHING OR SINGING.

TRUTH.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

FINDING that many of your intelligent readers feel much interested in perusing the productions of JUNIA, which seem to be the effusions of nature, I am induced to send you the inclosed on *Sympathy*; which appears to me to bear more unequivocal marks of originality than any I have seen. It was her *Composition Exercise* on Saturday the 6th of March last; and is her own, as she wrote it, *verbatim et literatim.*

ON SYMPATHY.

THE tear which proceeds from Sympathy indicates a humane heart. For a person who could see the calls of nature unsatisfied without feeling one sweet sensation of pity, must possess a heart that is either chilled by the cold hand of Adversity, or one that has ever been a stranger to the sweet delights that arise from mutual sympathy. To sympathize with the distressed, visit the house of mourning, and administer comfort to the afflicted, will produce such approbation of our own conscience as will compensate for any little trifling amusement which we may have lost, and which can never give more than momentary satisfaction. If while we have time before us, we do not improve it, we will in another day regret it, when convinced of our error, the stings of conscience penetrating into the inmost recesses of our heart, and filling it with anguish not to be described. And we will then involuntarily exclaim, that we have mispent our time, and having no friend to comfort us in our affliction, and console us with the sweet advice of Virtue, we will every day feel more and more the stings of conscience, which having probed our heart sufficiently to make us wretched, we will at last expire in misery and despondency; having our last moments embittered with the painful remembrance of what is past.

JUNIA.

—

Junia, on the Monday following, at my request, gave me this version of the preceding sentiments, which she made in my presence, with great apparent facility, while in school, and without interruption to her usual school exercise and learning. *Qui videt, credit*, says the proverb.

SYMPATHY.

THE tear which sympathy has caus'd to flow
For others' grief, and melt at others' woe,
Betrays a heart to pity not unknown,
In which the seeds of vice are yet unsown.

If cold Adversity, with chilling blast,
Should penetrate into the heart at last,
Then sympathy is banish'd from that heart,
And all the sweet emotions pity can impart.

If while in youth our time we idly spend,
When youth is gone and we are near our end,
No friend we then will have with feeling heart,
The sweet advice of Virtue to impart.

JUNIA.

—

I transmit the preceding as a stimulus to that laudable ambition for improvement, the exercise of which leads to all that is praise-worthy and honourable. It will shew what may result from an early and sedulous attention to the cultivation of the youthful mental faculties; and will tend to excite (as some of Junia's productions have already done) in the minds of the young of both sexes, that generous spirit of emulation, which never fails to meet with a happy reward. G.

SONNET TO JUNIA.

(Received some weeks ago.)

—

"Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet;
"And young as beautiful! and soft as young!"
YOUNG.

BEHOLD the god of day on glitt'ring car,
Forth from the burnish'd east majestic move!
In his bright train come ruddy health and love:
T' enliven man, and winter chase afar.

At his behest the blushing maiden spring,
With amber locks distilling lucid dew,
Her various-colour'd mantle spreads anew,
And wafts a gale of fragrance from her wing.

Thy worth, sweet Junia! like the glorious sun,
On April-morn, enchants us with its ray;
Thy youthful numbers, fraught with sense, convey,
Charms like the spring when first her course begun.

Ah, still delight us with thy tuneful lyre,
And our blest task shall be to gaze—admire.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

—

[*The urbanity and candour alone, with which the following criticisms are written, induce the editor to publish them. It may be remarked, however, that some of the first writers might be criticised upon in the same way. The few errors that have escaped in the beautiful* ODE TO MEMORY, *only serve to shew the impossibility of perfection in composition; but will not affect the judgment of the public, already formed, that* EUGENIO, *as a poet, has perhaps few contemporary superiors.*]

—

OBSERVATIONS ON EUGENIO'S ODE TO MEMORY,

IN PAGE 176.

Nec virtute foret clariusve potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium si non offenderet unum—
Quemque poetarum limae labor & mora.
Hor. Art Po.

IMITATED.

Columbia's sons in Freedom's glorious cause,
Have from surrounding nations gain'd applause;
As high in honour will her poets shine,
When they, *with care*, correct each flowing line.

MR. HOGAN,

I HAVE not met with a piece in the Repository for a considerable time, that pleased me more than the beautiful *Ode to Memory*; it indeed made me, as the author feelingly expresses it, act over again those scenes by which I have in youth been so highly delighted. But as a few lapses have inadvertently escaped the writer, I hope I shall not offend by pointing them out. I can assure Eugenio, that nothing prompts me to the task but a sincere desire that he may in future not suffer such trivial inaccuracies to escape his notice.

"What musing pow'r is that which moves the soul?"

This introductory line is most happily conceived, and when applied to Memory, musing and moving the soul, shews that the author is not a careless observer of the powers of mind; I am therefore unable to account for the error, that, through inattention, he has suffered to find a place in the seventh line:

"Wak'd by her touch those faculties of man,"

It would appear from the construction, that *those faculties* in this line referred to *passions*, in the sixth line; but the author well knows, that faculties are not passions. With this exception only, the verse is easy, harmonious and picturesque.

In the second verse the picture of the veteran is feelingly drawn—no person who has a taste for the beauties of poetry, can read it unmoved. The author shews that he is no stranger to the operations of human nature, and the effects produced from an association of ideas; in the last line, however, a small error occurs—"reflects," is in the third person, while "thou Memory," is in the second.

The third verse is beautiful, the scene highly interesting, and the working of a humane, benevolent spirit is discerned thro' the whole; the soliloquy of the negro natural, and the language appropriate. Perhaps the two last lines might be improved; if they be a continuation of the negro's feeling speech, there should be no period at *isle;* if the author's advice to Mungo, he ought not to have hinted the idea of his returning to Gambia after death. Without the period the sense would be excellent, thus, "But my reverend sire, my much loved wife, and my darling little babes cease to complain; soon shall my life and toil end, and that moment my spirit, freed from its chains, shall spring to your embrace on the happy shores of Gambia."

In the fourth verse the three first lines are correct and very pretty; the fourth not so pleasing—it would perhaps have read better,

"Blending with sighs the owls continual strife."

In the 8th line I am sorry to find another grammatical inaccuracy:

"He hither hies at silent eve,
"The world and all its follies leave."

If he considered *leave* in the infinitive mood, then the TO ought not to have been left out, for the verb *to hie* cannot permit that licence; and if the construction be, "and leaves the world and all its follies," it is still incorrect. Ninth line, "What is't," this word *is't* is not carefully chosen; I think the line would have read better thus,

"What cause can render gloomy thoughts so dear?"

What is't can only be admitted in burlesque poetry.

The fifth verse is well written, the figures well conducted, and the verse flowing; only in the seventh line, where *bids* ought to have been *bid*. Perhaps if the personification had been preserved in the solemn style throughout, it might have produced a better effect.

The sixth and seventh verses are in my opinion, very correct. What effect they may have on others I know not, but on my own mind I feel their power.

In the address to Urania, 3d verse, 3d line, we find *receive* for *receives*; and in the 5th verse I am constrained to mark a theological error, "hope swallowed up by faith" is a new thought; divines say faith shall be swallowed up by vision, and hope by fruition, and with them I agree. This verse is somewhat loose in its composition. *Universe* ought to have *the* always placed before it, the period after *cups* is by no means admissible,* and the *will* in the next line ought to have been *wilt*.

Mr. Hogan, I have glanced over the whole poem, and do pronounce it a beautiful ode; the little faults marked out might have been very easily corrected, but we are too apt to pass over our own productions in a careless manner; we ought to consider that the world will not so easily forgive, or so soon forget our peccadillos as we will ourselves. Hence results the necessity of every man who writes having a foe or a friend at his elbow. From the pieces I have already read signed *Eugenio*, I congratulate you on having such a correspondent, and in the next ode he writes, I hope to see his poetical genius expanding her power without a single grammatical error.

AMICUS.

* This was an error of the press.

Great Distresses often prevented by Slight Disappointments.

"ALAS! how capricious is Fortune!" muttered a Venetian merchant, whose name was Bartolezzi, as he returned home after his usual fatigue in the hurry of business on the Rialto; "ten times this very day," continued he, "have I been upon the point of a lucky hit, either in the mercantile, or the domestic way, and some cross circumstance or other has still broke in upon my schemes. What signifies all our caution, or industry, or integrity?—They can neither prevent ill success, nor secure good. Chance will, after all have the most to do in our affairs; and therefore he that trusts most to chance is the wisest man. For my part, I shall depend upon nothing but being disappointed in whatever I depend upon for the future."—With these, and many more remarks of this sort, did the fretful Bartolezzi amuse himself, till he had, by degrees, argued and convinced himself out of every good quality he carried about him. And though he was in general a very honest and rational man, he might justly have been deemed, at the moment when he went to rest that night, as abandoned a knave and infidel as chagrin and ill-humour could make him.

His eyes were scarcely closed, when fancy, by an operation very common in sleep, put his life (if I may be indulged the expression) twelve hours backward, and set him going again just in the temper and situation in which he began the unlucky day he had been complaining of. The first person he had seen that morning, was a messenger, who informed him that a storehouse of his had taken fire, and that the merchandize in it, which was to have been put on board a ship to sail that day, must wait for some future opportunity! This was the real fact, and it was one of those lucky hits which the merchant was so angry to have missed. But this dream promised much better fortune: it brought the same messsenger, to tell him that the goods were actually sailed in that very ship: and as imagination frequently crowds the transactions of a long time into a few minutes. Bartolezzi received advices from the captain of a prosperous voyage. The ship had arrived at the port: the sailors had begun to unlade; and things went on very smoothly 'till a fatal letter blackened all the prospect, and told him that a passenger on board had contrived to carry with him a parcel of contraband wares, which he offered for sale: that the cheat had been discovered, the ship and cargo confiscated by the laws of the country, the commander and the whole crew confined in prison, and the names of all concerned in freighting the vessel made infamous upon the public mart, by a solemn proclamation. "Alas!" cried the merchant, "would to heaven my goods had perished, e're I sent them on this unhappy venture!—Who would have thought it?—My credit ruined!—My name made infamous!—Oh! that I had seen my goods burnt in the port of Venice!" added he, with an emotion which waked him; and which made him happy in recollecting, that, instead of all these misfortunes, he had only lost a slight piece of building, and the mere opportunity of sending by one convenience, what he still had in his power to send by another.

Bartolezzi's mind was too much agitated by what had passed, and seemed to pass, to admit of any reflection: he awoke just to be relieved from the solicitude his dream was pregnant with, and then sunk a second time into slumber. Before he had continued long in that situation, a person of very open countenance, corrected with a decent gravity, appeared to approach and accost him: "Signior," said the stranger, "you have spent a whole day in arraigning the Providence which befriended you just as much in what you think you have lost, as it ever did in those events, which you have esteemed, and in those which really were the happiest in your whole life. If you will promise to make amends, by judging with more candour I will shew you the misfortunes you have missed to-day." The merchant was a little startled at this address; but the strong effect of his own reasoning on the subjet, founded, as he persuaded himself, on experience, prevented his giving any other answer then a nod, which bespoke a sulky sort of acquiescence, rather than approbation.

"You have seen (said the stranger) in your dream what might very probably have been the result of your succeeding this morning in the first thing you proposed: but as that shewed you only what *might* have been, I shall make no application of it now. What I going to acquaint you with, has really happened already, short as you may think the time since you saw the opening of the transactions, whose event you will now see.

"You remember the two men who were in such haste to purchase a certain quantity of your goods, that they seemed utterly regardless of the price. You remember too, that the unseasonable absence of a servant, whom you had entrusted with the care of those goods, prevented their dealing with you, and sent them to another merchant, who was as much pleased as yourself with the advanced sum they offered, and put them into immediate possession of the commodities they required. This you thought a great piece of ill luck; but let me set you right in the matter. Those men were errant cheats and counterfeits: the bills they drew for payment mere for-

geries: the security they gave all a fiction; and the merchant who has been so happy as to obtain the misfortune you have been deprived of, will too soon discover it. The rogues have already disposed of their purchase, in little lots, at an under rate; and there they lie in a tavern, where they have been spending the produce of their bargain, one dead drunk upon the floor, the other in the arms of a courtezan.

"Turn your eyes a little from the tavern, and you will see an ill-looking, meagre fellow, lurking in the corner of a street, with his hand upon a stiletto, which he hides in his bosom; he is waiting for a company, which he supposes to have met in the neighbourhood to celebrate a wedding. The company did indeed meet, but they have been dispersed some time; and all, as it happened, went home another way, so that the ruffian is likely to lose his labour. But tell me, do not you know that spot? Does not your rich uncle live near the place? It is even so; and I dare say you have not forgot with what earnestness you pressed your son to spend this very evening with the old gentleman, in order to ingratiate himself; and with what peevish vexation you heard him plead an engagement of his own, to excuse himself from obeying your commands. See now, what would have been the consequence: your son would have passed by the murderer's post alone: he would have had the stiletto in his heart, and you would this moment have received the intelligence of his death.—Say then, whether you have not been the luckiest man in the world, and saved, by a trifling disappointment, from one of the severest afflictions human nature is here exposed to.

The concern you expressed at the indisposition your wife complained of to-day, was manly, and worthy your regard for her, if it had arisen only from your regard for her; but you know too well, Bartolezzi, that it was mixed with a little pitiful chagrin, at her being prevented from appearing at your brother's ball to-night in the new dress which you provided for that occasion. Was it for a man to be out of temper at such a petty thing as this, and to rank it among his misfortunes? Surely not,—but if Bartolezzi chuses to take that method, let him at least make some allowance for what this very misfortune has saved him from. Look into that street, where a coach is just broken down; the three ladies who come out of it, and whom an old woman has invited into her house, were at your brother's ball, and the fourth place was reserved for your wife. The civil woman who shelters them, is mistress of the most notorious brothel in Venice: the house is now full of young fellows, in the height of a debauch; and tho' the neighbours, whom the accident has alarmed, and who begin to gather about the place, will prevent any violent rudeness, you would scarce be pleased to have a woman of your wife's delicacy and modesty obliged to hear and see what passes in the room where those three ladies must wait till their carriage can proceed.

The merchant began to feel these circumstances to a degree which made conviction visible in his countenance; and he was prepared to receive the next discovery with more sensible humility, than he had hitherto expressed; when the stranger took leave of him in this manner: "Segnior," said he, "to show you more would be only giving you the same lesson over again. What you have seen, is enough to make a man of common sense and temper easy for life. In what manner slight disappointments prevent great distressess, it is not necessary that you should know: but to know that they really do prevent them, and to be able to bring them to a balance with the common ills of life; and to live, and think, and argue accordingly, is worth all the rest of your knowledge put together. If you learn to make this advantage of your cross accidents, you will make one of the wisest and happiest, and will have it in your power to render yourself one of the best men in the world."

PHILADELPHIA,
APRIL 24, 1802.

A Jonesborough (Ten.) paper, of the 20th ult. relates the following very singular circumstance.

On Monday evening last arrived in this town, in custody of the sheriff of Grainger, RUSSEL BEAN, on Wednesday he was delivered to the sheriff of this county, and committed to prison, on Thursday he was admitted to bail, himself in the sum of 5000 dollars, and two sureties in the sum of 2500 dollars each.

About three months since, Mr. Bean, upon a supposition of his wife's infidelity, resolved on leaving her, and taking with him all his children except the one then recently born, which he contended was not his.—His conduct from that period was orderly, and becoming a man injured by one he loved, until a few days previous to the time fixed for his departure, when he declared to a couple of gentlemen, that, as he was about to take a final leave, he wished to see Mrs. Bean and the child. Both the gentlemen accompanied him to the room where it was supposed Mrs. Bean then was; she being out, the child was taken from the cradle, and handed to him; after viewing it a few minutes, he declared it was not his. Mrs. Bean coming in at that instant, declared it was, and burst into tears; finding his passion rising after a few words, she again quitted the room, upon which he declared that unless she returned, he would cut the child's ears off; one of the gentlemen went to seek her, but before he returned, Mr Bean, in despight of the one who remained, actually put his threats into execution, and cut off both the infant's ears close to its head, affirming at the same time that no spurious offspring should claim affinity to him without having a mark. A warrant was procured the next day, and he was apprehended, but made his escape before they got to town, all after attempts to take him, though detachments of militia were engaged in the search, proved unsuccessful. He embarked down the river, the governor having procured the assistance of the military, at the South West Point, whose vigilance prevented all possibility of escape. Mr. Bean determined to return and stand his his trial; he surrendered himself to the sheriff of Grainger, who delivered him to the sheriff of this county, &c. The child has perfectly recovered, and is now in good health.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

MY *first* is no more than a tap on the cheek;
But my *second* has made many lose arm and neck;
My *whole* forms a character, who in most nations,
Have pull'd down the hauteur of proud usurpations:
If good and sincere in his object, he's great:
If not, he's the bane and the curse of a state.

RELAXATION.

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Blackwell, Mr. John Dove, of Portsmouth, (Eng.) to Miss Eliza Mee, of this city....Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. George Heisler, to Miss Ann Berres....On the 20th, by the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, Mr. Ralph Smith, of this city, to Mrs. Catharine Justice, of the Northern Liberties....On the 22d, by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. John L. Baker, to Miss Mehetabel Loveland....On the 22d inst. by the Rt. Rev. B. White, Mr. W. Morrel, son of John Morrel, esq. to Miss Lohra, daughter of Peter Lohra, esq.

Deaths.

DIED, at New-Milford, (Con.) on the 9th inst. Mr. Andrew Nodine, aged *one hundred and two years*, wanting but 12 days.

———On the 1st Feb. at Richmond, Surry, (Eng.) aged 71, the celebrated *Dr. John Moore*, author of several productions of high literary reputation.

———Last February, in the workhouse, at Gaulksholm, (Eng.) belonging to the township of Todmorden, Luke Jackson, who was born March 12, 1699, and consequently nearly 103 years of age: he lived in three centuries and five reigns, viz. William & Mary, Ann, George I. II. and III. He enjoyed the perfect use of his faculties to the last; and had such an aversion to physic and physicians, that on his death bed, when the governor was ordered to procure medical assistance for him, he earnestly requested that none might be got.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications have been received this week. They are from old and approved correspondents, and are thankfully acknowledged: "*Address to Modesty*," by *Lorenza*—"*Hymns*," *first* and *second*, by *X. W. T.*—"*Translation of the* 1*vth Ode, iiid Book of Horace*," by *Philamor*—"*Enigma*," by *Carlos*, &c.

"*Eugenio's Ode to Spring*" in our next.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRANSLATION
OF THE 9th ODE, 3d BOOK OF HORACE.
DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE & LYDIA.

"Donec gratus eram tibi."

HORACE.

WHILE we'come I could gaze upon thy charms,
And none more favour'd clasp'd thee in his arms,
In happiness I far outshone,
A Persian monarch on his throne.

LYDIA.

While yet no fair one more than me you lov'd,
Nor after CHLOE from your LYDIA rov'd,
In beauty I could far excell
ILIA, the famous Roman belle.

HORACE.

With manners sweet, and skill'd in music's school,
He now shall the fair Cretan CHLOE rule,
For whom to die I would not fear,
Provided fate her life would spare.

LYDIA.

For me no more Ornithus' son shall burn
With fruitless love; but meet a sweet return;
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If fate would only spare the boy.

HORACE.

What if our former love revive again,
And Venus bind us with her brazen chain?
If Chloe no more shew her face,
And you again supply her place?

LYDIA.

Though he were fairer than the morning star,
And you more fickle than the wind,
Than the raging sea more boisterous far,
Or even lighter than a rind,
With you I then could pleas'd reside,
With you to die would be my pride.

PHILAMOR.

MORNING.

ABOVE the red horizon Sol appears,
And with his radiant beam Creation cheers;
The verdant scenes break slowly on the view,
And gradu'lly their wonted charms renew;
The sun with life-creating pow'r exhales
The ev'ning moisture from the fragrant vales;
Illumin'd by his party-col'ring rays,
The dew the rainbow's vivid tints displays;
His slanting beam strikes on the village spire,
And gilds the leaf-embosom'd wood with fire;
The straw-built cottage now receives his light,
And charms with sweet simplicity the sight;
Its humble tenant rises with the dawn,
And plods his cheerful way across the lawn,
Inhales the unadulterated breeze,
By rest repos'd, and with a mind at ease;
The flocks and herds move slow along the glade,
And bronze the moisten'd, cool, refreshing blade;
On to the ear in mingling sounds convey,
Their humble tribute to the new-born day;
The blooming flow'r enrich'd with dew appears,
Like radiant beauty smiling through her tears;
The grey-clad hill, just rising to the view,
The distant woods that smile with many a hue,
The vale below enamell'd o'er with green,
While here and there some humble cot is seen;
The glittering water-fall and placid stream,
Reflecting back the sun's refulgent beam,
Appear around, and to the eye disclose
A scene where earth in all her beauty glows;
While sounds are borne upon the gentle breeze,
Whose sweet varieties the fancy please;
The ploughman whistling doth his way pursue,
The bee too humming as she sips the dew;
The distant echo of the sportsman's hound,
The lowing herds' more heart-approving sound;
The milk-maid blithe with peace and spirits gay,
Singing her simple unaffected lay;
The songster's notes in harmony combin'd,—
All fill the ear and elevate the mind.
The varied scene which Nature now displays,
The heart in sweet serenity arrays,
And from the humble pious bosom draws,
A heart-felt tribute to the ALMIGHTY CAUSE.

CLIO.

A SONNET.—SAME SUBJECT.

NOW rosy Morning with effulgence dawns,
And Night's dim shades from o'er the landscape flies;
Whilst Phœbus rising in the eastern skies,
With radiant splendour gilds the dewy lawns.

The feather'd songsters sit on ev'ry spray,
With extacy they swell their warbling throats;
With melody they chaunt their sprightly notes,
And grateful hail the beauties of the day.

Now let me to the verdant fields repair,
And seek refreshment from the gentle breeze,
Which skims the plains, or whispers thro' the trees,
"And wafts the fragrance of the balmy air."

Sweet, pleasing contemplation fill my mind,
For in each scene is beauty plann'd Divine.

MILO.

SELECTED.

From the Trenton TRUE AMERICAN.

ELEGY ON PRINCETON COLLEGE.
BY A PRISONER.

WHERE late fair Science, like the morning ray,
Shone forth the splendour of the rising day;
Where smiling Virtue triumph'd to behold,
The gates of Wisdom to her sons unfold;
From climes remote the Student hither came,
Charm'd by the Arts, and fir'd by love of Fame;
Nor vainly sought the golden Lore to find,
That gilds the manners, and adorns the mind,
Gives Man, distinguish'd from the brutal race,
To act with dignity, to move with grace.
In his own sphere of knowledge, and to rise,
On wings etherial, and explore the skies,
From world to world like heaven-taught MILTON soar,
Survey immensity, and GOD adore.

Here many a youth, by emulation led,
Pored o'er the sacred volumes of the dead—
Of patriot heroes caught the zealous rage,
And drank their spirit from the breathing page.

Here LIVINGSTON, whose patriotic name,
Lives in the annals of immortal fame,
With tow'ring science charm'd his youthful eyes,
To visit stars, count worlds, and traverse skies,
O'er wide Creation cast an ample view,
Saw flaming orbs their whirling course pursue!
Devotion kindled at each burning sun,
Glow'd in his life, and thro' his numbers run,
Divine benevolence diffus'd itself abroad,
And wing'd his spirit to his smiling GOD.

Fain would the muse those sons of Science name,
That stand conspicuous on the list of Fame,
Who in the field or cabinet have shin'd,
The brightest ornaments of human kind;
Who like the scion from the lofty tree,
Drew their maternal nutriment from thee,
Whose countless virtues fill a roll too long,
To grace the numbers of my humble song.

But see what consternation! hark the sound!
What sudden tumult fills the village round!
Wrapt in a blaze, the sumptuous mansion falls,
Leaving no vestige but the tottering walls!
Wing'd by the wind the smoaky columns rise,
And bear the dismal tidings round the skies;
Then slow descending thro' the distant vale,
To gazing hamlets tell the gloomy tale.

And is there none of all her sons to raise,
The filial pile of monumental praise?
Is there, alas! no orphan bard to pay
The grateful tribute of a tuneful lay?
Warm'd by a flame of Hellenian fire,
Invoke the muse, and consecrate the lyre,
To wrest her mem'ry from the grasp of time,
And chaunt her praises in elegiac rhyme?
From dark oblivion save the sacred prize,
Fair as the rainbow—fadeless as the skies?

Destructive Element! time conq'ring Fire!
Thou dreadful vengeance of the eternal ire!
'Tis thine to reign on that tremendous day,
When rocks shall melt, and mountains rush away!
When the last trumpet's everlasting sound,
Peals thro' the heav'ns, and rends the quiv'ring ground!
The dread arch-angel, cloth'd in flames shall rise,
And light'nings flash from his devouring eyes!
Plung'd in a sea of one convolving fire,
Sun, moon and stars, heav'n, earth and hell retire?

But stay, too daring muse, nor mount too high,
On feeble pinions thro' the giddy sky;
For softer notes my numbers should prolong,
And close the subject of the mournful song.

MR. HOGAN,

Please to insert the following extract from the Columbian Magazine; it is a wish which probably may meet the wishes of many of your subscribers, and consequently will not fail to please them. *J. M'K——.*

THE WISH.

I'VE often wish'd to have a friend,
With whom my choicest hours to spend,
To whom I safely might impart,
Each wish and weakness of my heart;
Who might in ev'ry sorrow cheer,
Or mingle with my grief a tear,
For whom alone I'd wish to be,
And who would only live for me;
And to secure my bliss for life,
I'd wish that friend to be a WIFE.